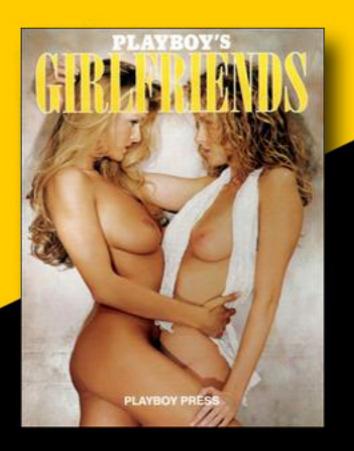


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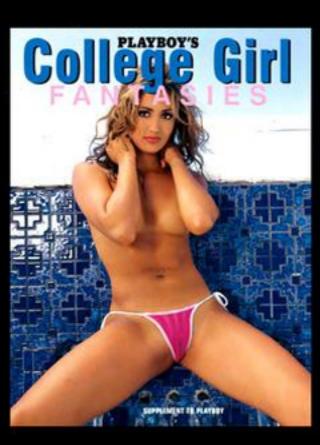






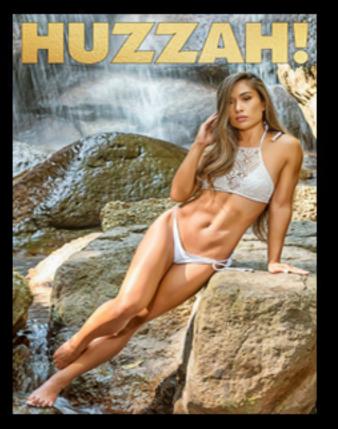








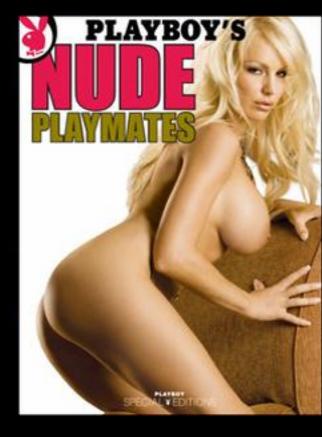


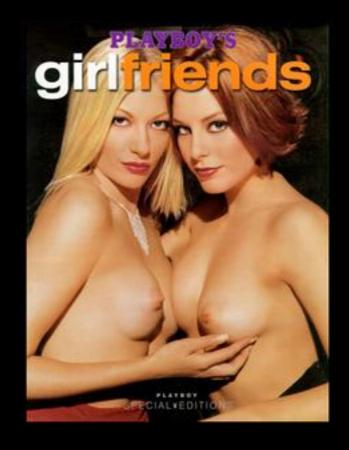




































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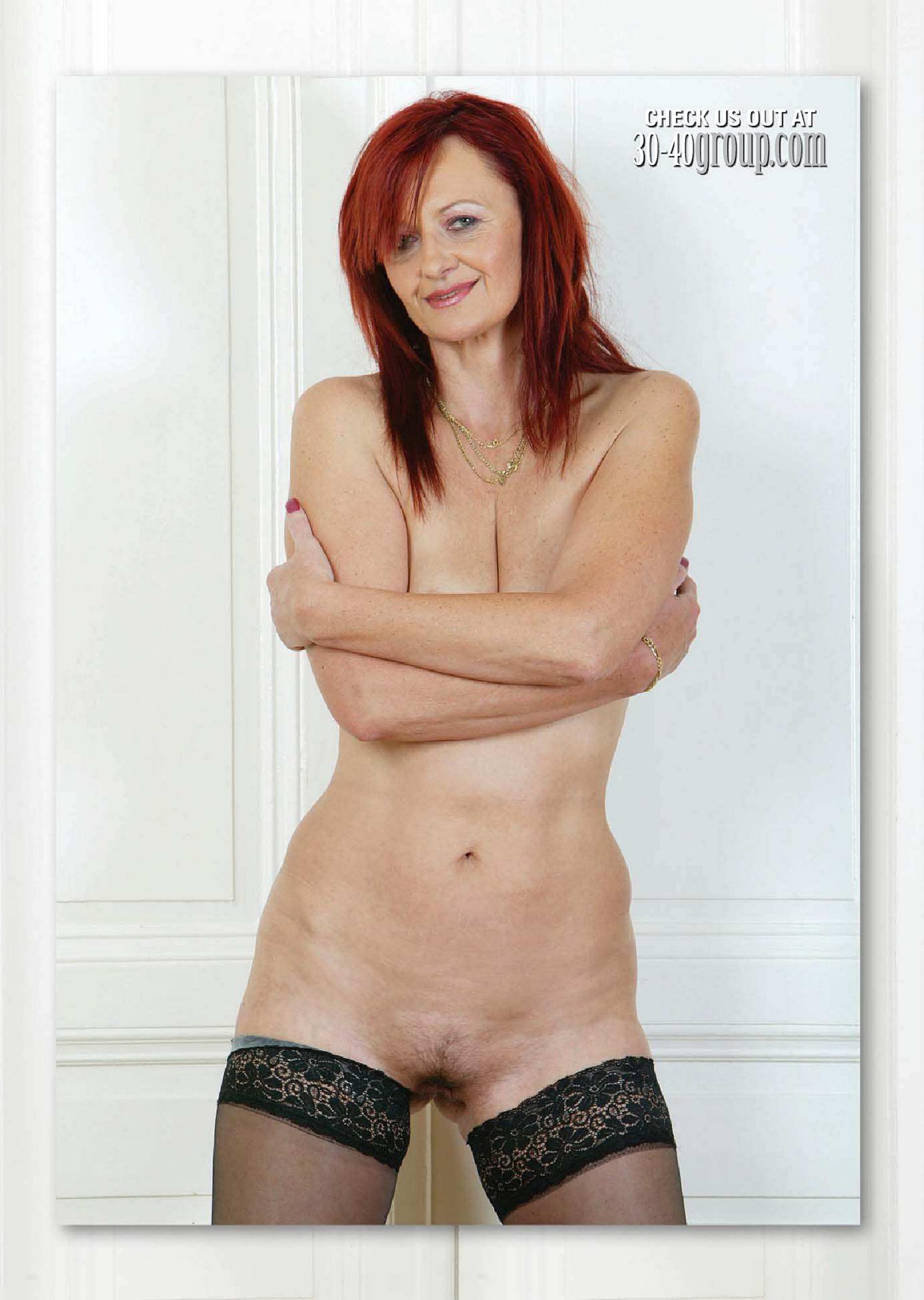
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LATIN HOTTIE LOVES HER TOY

As a former actress in Mexico City, Basa loved the fast life. It was a great way to meet people, but she also worked very hard at her craft. And it's paid off for her.

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She moved to Los Angeles and found a new niche in the L.A. TV market. She became a weathergirl. After ten years of that she finally retired from acting and television. Now she is a homebody that loves to cook.



She says that she would love to cook a spicy dinner for three people. Herself and another couple. Basa says she would like to make love to a man and woman at the same time.







Until then, I have my trusty vibrator. I'm petite and it's big for me but l like that. It fills my pussy and touches every part of my insides. And l can control the speed of it. Sometimes I like to turn it up full. I think it likes it too.

























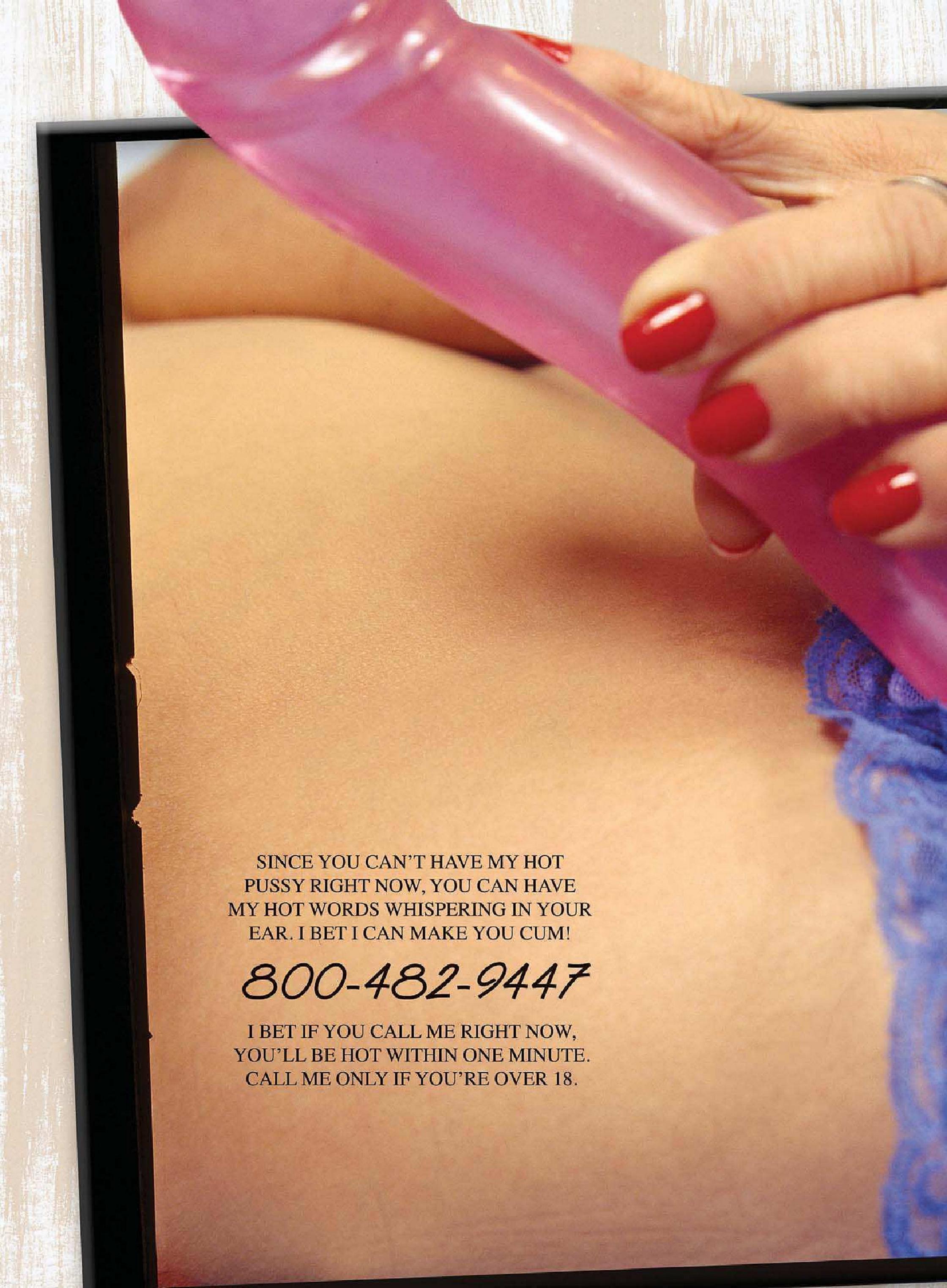










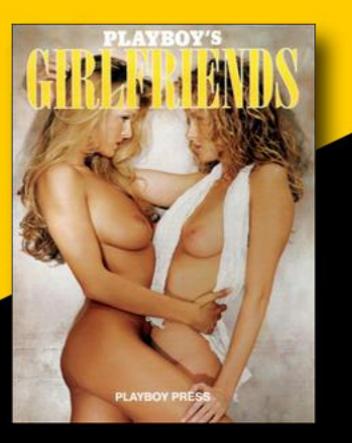


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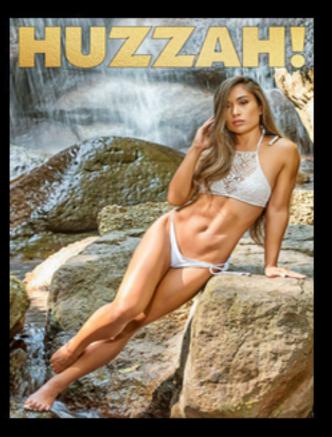










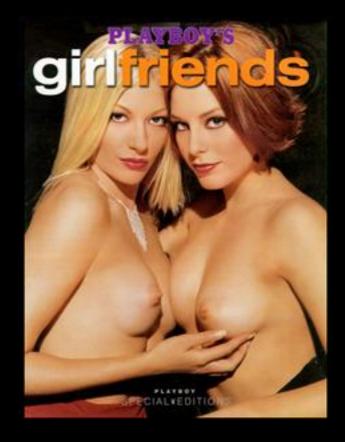
















































"Call me now and let's hook up. I love long walks on the beach, candlelit dinners and a big hard cock in my pussy. I like young men, older men, any man who's over eighteen. Call me now!





























Call me now at 888-597-2739 and I'll tell you more stories

of sex and debauchery that were passed down to me.

# Dr Sabrina returns with some words for

Hello doctor,

I think I need some help. I'm what used to be, and still may be, called a star-fucker. I'm obsessed with celebrity and cannot get it out of my mind. I used to live n Los Angeles, but moved away so I was not around celebrities. But even now when a major movie or musical comes to my town, I strain to see what famous male actors are in it and try to get to them. I don't consider myself a stalker, but whenever a male celeb is around, I cannot seem to control myself and want to get near them.

You may wonder what that has to do with you and why am I writing you, but let me tell you about how it stared and maybe that will help you, and me. I was a small-town Midwest girl that went to Hollywood in the late Sixties hoping to become a movie star. I tried everything to get into the movies. I took acting lessons, auditioned, and even slept with casting agents and directors to try to get parts. While that was somewhat successful, things never really fell into place for me. After five years, I was getting more and more frustrated with my lack of good parts and I slipped into alcohol and drug stupors. It was also the era of free love and I sure was free with it. One night after attending an awards show in Hollywood, I met a famous actor - let's call him Jack - and we started talking. He invited me out for a drink with his group and I accepted. I knew he had a reputation as a womanizer, but I felt I could hold my own. When we got in the limo, I noticed I was the only one in it with him. When I asked where the others were, he told me they were in their own car and would meet us at the nightclub we were going to. That was about an hour away. The drive started normally and I quickly learned what a smooth talker Jack was. He plied me

Dr. Sabrina has some wise words for our readers. She tries to make sense of love, sex and what women want from their men.

If you have questions about the opposite sex, then Dr. Sabrina has the answer.

Read on!



with booze and told me how beautiful I was. That I would be a famous actress someday, and he really liked me. After a few drinks in the limo, the swaying of the car in traffic, and Jack's barrage of compliments, I started feeling very comfortable. I had lost track of time.

I sensed we had stopped at a stoplight and Jack asked for a kiss. I blushed but obliged him. He was a great kisser. After a few minutes of tongue wrestling, I felt his hand slip under my dress. I did not mind and opened my legs a little

bit more to accommodate his advance. As we broke the lip lock, I noticed the privacy window going up and saw the driver's head disappear behind it. We were now making out like college kids as I unbuttoned his shirt and kissed his chest, nibbling on his nipples and working my way down to his belt. I unzipped him and let his straining manhood loose in my hand. I squeeze it as he tensed his love muscle and it pushed back. My lips had now reached it and I started licking and sucking it as the streetlights and headlights whizzed past as illuminated blurs. I especially liked the right hand turns we made as the momentum pushed my mouth harder onto his cock. At the next red light Jack straighten up and pulled his pants off and then had my dress off by the time the light turned green. I was left in my garter belt and stockings and he was only wearing a bow tie and his famous smile.

We hugged and kissed almost naked. He explored my breasts with his hands and mouth until my nipples were sore from his hungry sucking. When I told him they were beginning to hurt, he turned his attentions to my pussy and began to lick it. He noticed I was shaven and said he had never seen a shaved pussy. I was a little bit ahead of my time when it came to that, I guess, but I liked the was it felt and it was a way for my lovers to remember me. Jack would take my labia tight between his lips and pull on them. It felt great and he was good at it. I was laying back on the seat with one leg wrapped over his head and the other on the floor as he probed my pussy deeply. He pushed my legs up to the ceiling of the limo and I braced myself for his continuous attentions to my pussy. As the driver made a turn I fell over him and onto the limo floor and we both got a good laugh out of it. He was a lot of fun naked.

# Rachel and her fixation for celebrity sex...

We collected ourselves and I knelt on the limo floor and bent over onto the back seat. I offered my butt to him and he thrust his hard cock into my soaking wet pussy. I moaned as he entered me and began to pump it. He took one of my legs and put it up on the seat forcing them more open and giving him better access to my sweet prize. Jack pounded it into me for what seemed to be an hour as I noticed the car had not been moving. I also noticed that the privacy window was down and the top of the driver's head was showing with his beady little eyes peeking at us. Jack was finishing with me as I lay on my back on the back seat. I don't know if he came inside me or didn't come at all. I was in a tizzy from everything that had just happened. The driver announced we had arrived at the club. Jack got dressed quickly and was straightening himself as he told the driver to take me home. I mildly protested as he closed the door behind him and the limo took off out of the parking lot.

The rest of the evening was an even bigger blur, but I did get home and awoke the next day thinking what a great ride that had been. I was enamoured with Jack and his bad boy ways. I don't know what would have happened if I went into the club with him that night, but now, I just want him more. In a strange way, it's as much the drinking and the sex that I want as the fact that was with a major celebrity. And I want it with a face from the movies. I never ran into Jack again, but in the following years all I did was try to get around celebs. I went to their parties, hung out at the studios, even bribed their managers for some sack time with them. I wanted to be fucked by that face on the screen; that larger than life man with the dick that didn't disappoint. Although, admittedly, some did.

After ten long years in Hollywood and getting nowhere, my best friend convinced me to leave the town. She told me that I was spiraling downwards from my obsessions, and if I didn't leave I would soon be dead. I didn't want to listen. I wanted to go to the movies to find the next hunk to sleep with. After some convincing, I moved away and settled down a little. I tried to stop going to the movies and watching the TV celebrity shows. But I still go back to that night with Jack.

So Dr. Sabrina, do I have a sex addiction? One that focuses on celebrity? How can I get over it? There are celebs everywhere you turn. On the TV, in the tabloids and of course in the movies. Please don't tell me to see a shrink. I have and all they did was take my money. I need some common sense advice to get rid of this vice. Can you please help me?

- Rachel, now in Des Moines

Dearest Rachel,

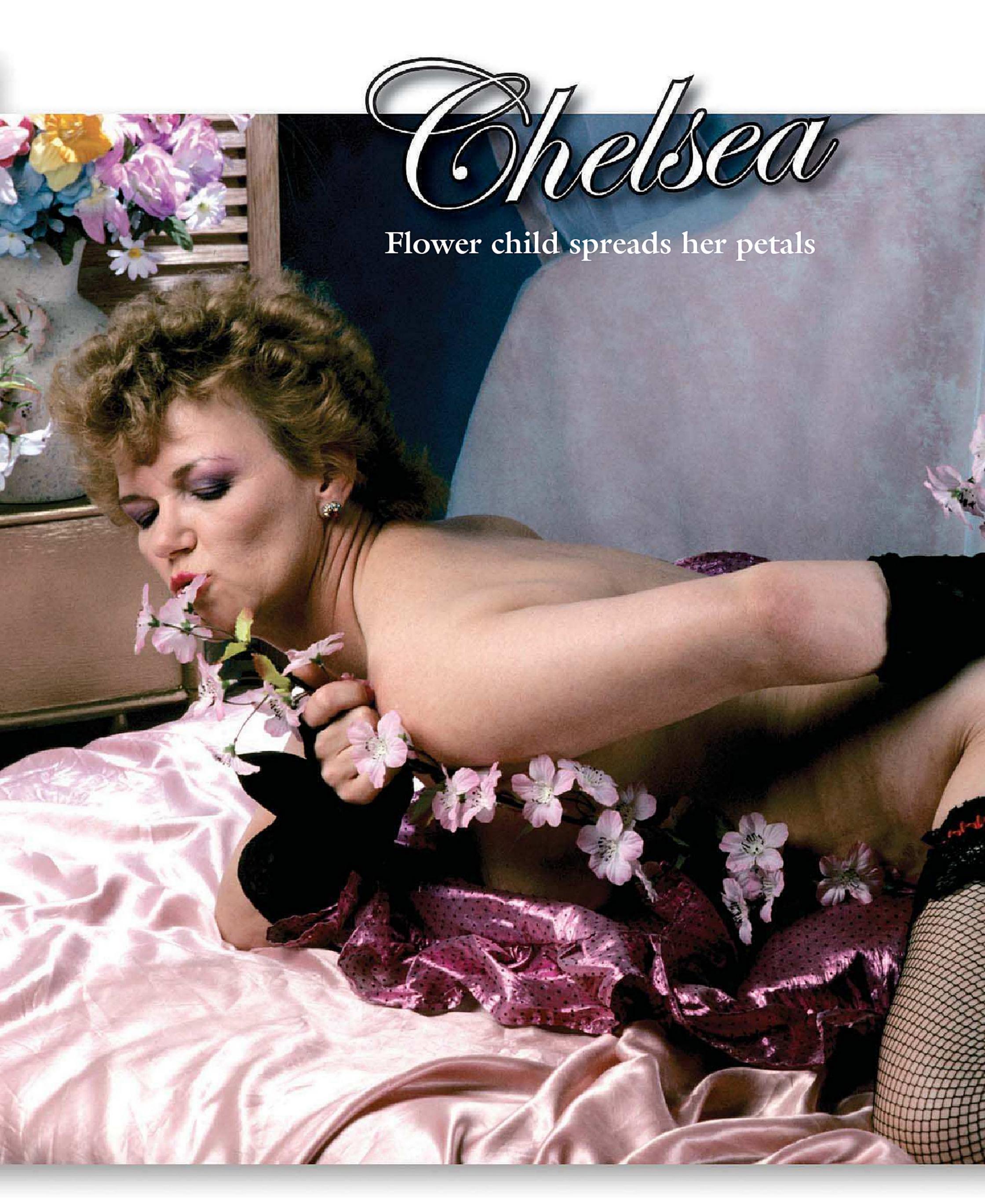
First, thank you for writing to me. I do hope this following bit of advice will be helpful. In all my years I have not been confronted with this combination of factors, but I think they are basic problems that can be addressed successfully.

Your infatuation with celebrity is not unusual. Many people, especially women, are into famous men. The fantasy of meeting or being with one became your reality and it burned a memory in you with conflicting feelings. There is the power, the fame and the cult of celebrity that has a pull that's hard to fight. Then there's the sex. Yours was woven into an evening at a time of less inhibition, so it was not a negative experience. Even when you mentioned

that he did not invite you into the club but sent you home, you did not say you were mad or felt used. You enjoyed the experience and dwelled on who you were with rather than how you were treated. So what could have been bad or demeaning sexual escapade was still viewed by you differently. Now in your later years, I assume you are over fifty, those thoughts won't go away and you're afraid of them haunting you for the rest of your life. Especially since the prospect of meeting and having sex with a movie star is now probably quite remote. I also do not believe that you have a sex addiction. You do not mention sleeping around to the point that you go out of your way to have sex anytime, anywhere, with anyone.

You did not say if you are or ever were married. I mention this because, if you are, your partner can be a great asset in trying to get over this. If you are not, then the road may be more difficult. If you are currently married, confide this with your mate if you haven't already. Ask him to be more attentive and fill your time with more of his. Talk to him about this in ways that are cathartic. Don't hold anything back. If you are living alone, solicit help from some of your friends to help fill your time, and your mind. If you keep yourself occupied there is less mental time spent thinking about celebs. While you cannot totally exclude them, you can replace the amount of time spent thinking about them, and therefore the influence they have on your thoughts and feelings.

These are my common sense answers. I do not recommend a shrink. I do recommend friends or spouses to help you get through this. Keep in mind. If you want to help yourself, you can, but it takes work and determination. Good luck Rachel. – Dr. S.



I love making love in the afternoon. I want to see my lover's face and body. I want him to



see mine. I want to see that big hard cock that I'm sucking and I want him to see my pussy.







I want him to see the ecstasy on my face when I'm ready to cum for him.



I want him to see the cum spurt from his dick and watch me drink it up.

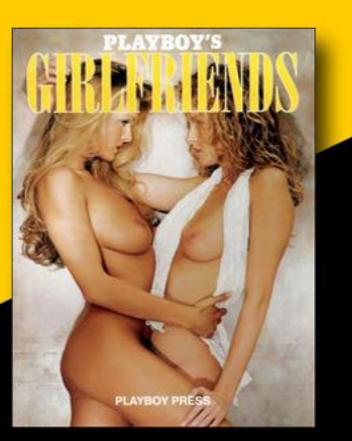


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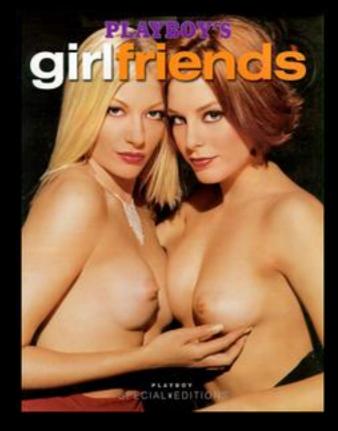




































## Letters From Our Readers

Comments on the magazine, the sexy ladies, and our readers' thoughts on sex.

#### Steele resolved

Dear 50+,

My god! Rachel Steele is a knockout! Your covergirl and the photos inside were really great. For a fifty-year-old she is hot, hot, hot! But seriously she doesn't look fifty, but it doesn't matter to me. She's still hot, hot, hot.

I love her boobs and her hot pussy. And she looks like she enjoys showing them to us. I'm one who loves to look at them. Keep up the hot, hot, hot work and show us more good stuff!

- Sebastian, New Orleans

#### **T-Bird in the hand**

To the Editor at 50+,

About six months ago I put a wanted ad on the internet looking for an older model Ford that I could fix up. I was specifically looking for a '66 T-Bird in good condition so the work would be minimal. I got an email back from a lady saying she had a blue one, but it needed work. She said it was her son's but he gave up on fixing it and now it was an "eyesore" in her driveway. I emailed back saying I would love to take a look at it – and no T-Bird could ever be an eyesore. She emailed back laughingly apologizing for calling it that, and I could come over on the weekend to take a look at it.

We agreed that I would come over at 1:00 in the afternoon, and after a little trouble finding her house, I showed up ten minutes late. She was cool with that, and as a matter of fact she was a real cool lady – Elsie. Her car was an '86 Mercedes that she called her baby

and, man, did she keep it in great condition. And as another matter of fact, she was in great condition, too. After some car talk, she told me she was fifty-two and a widow. After trying to start the old T-Bird and having no luck, I told her I was still interested in it and we eventually agreed on a price. I told her I would hire a tow truck and come by late tomorrow to get the car. She said fine and I gave her five hundred of the fifteen hundred dollars to hold it for me.



Hottie Rachel Steele is one sexy mama on the cover of 50+ #28. With a perfect body and great attitude, Rachel is typical of today's uninhibited senior sexpots!

Next day I show with the tow truck and we hauled the car off to my garage. It needed quite a bit of work so I arranged for a couple weeks off from work to get started on it. After a week of constant work on it I noticed that I did not have the car keys. I emailed Elsie asking if she had them and she said she would look around. Later that day she emailed me again saying that her son had them and he was bringing them by her house for me to pick them up. I asked if I could come over around suppertime and get them from her. She said that would be fine and added that If I wanted to stay for a bit, she would fix us both a light supper and I could be on my way.

I said "Sure!" and arrived at her place about 6:30 all cleaned up from a long day under the car. She answered the door dressed very nicely and the smell of garlic and onions frying filled the house. Instantly I was turned on by the prospect of a tasty dinner. And it didn't disappoint. And neither did she.

Elsie was great conversationalist as well as a great cook. We talked and laughed throughout the meal as I asked why she was still unmarried after seven years a window. She answered that men her age were not appealing to her. "Too steadfast in their ways." she said. She asked why I was so interested in T-Birds and we bantered back and forth for a few hours as she expressed quite a bit of knowledge about cars. I soon realized it was nearing nine pm and stood to excuse myself, but asked if I could help her do the dishes. She politely said she could do them and escorted me to the door. Before she opened it, I just bent over to give her a little kiss thank you on the cheek, but she turned her face – to kiss her lips. I was a little surprised, but accepted them onto mine and we kissed lightly at first, then more passionately.

After what seemed to be an eternity, she asked if I would indeed help her with the dishes. and we headed



back into the kitchen. We made more small talk, but our words became a bit more intimate. However, I did begin to help her wash the dishes as she dried them. We talked on standing next to each other at her double sink, hands soaked in dishwater and pots and pans. Now, I was not a great dishwasher. Never have been, and I got my entire front wet with water. My shirt and pants were pretty wet as we finished and joked about it. Without missing a beat she began to undo my shirt buttons and then my belt and pants. I didn't think too much of it, just get out of those wet things. She said to follow her and she'd give me some dry clothes to put on.

We ended up in a guest bedroom where she opened up a closet and found an oversize shirt for me. Before she could find pants, I pulled her to me and slipped my hand between her legs and made my way up to her panties. She initially gasped but then broke into a smile as I navigated my way to her pussy. She was warm, wet and excited as I felt my cock become rock hard. She closed her eyes and started moving her ass from side to side. In this light she looked twenty years younger and I was really turned on by now.

Elsie's boobs were fabulous, big and soft to the touch. I started sucking her nipples. She slipped her hand down to my pants and in one motion swept them off me and on to the floor. She reached for my cock and balls and started fondling them. She spread her legs wider as I placed my fingers inside her wet pussy. She began to rock back and forth and I felt her hand squeeze my cock even tighter. I set her on her back with legs hanging off



## Letters From Our Readers

More comments on the magazine, the sexy ladies, and thoughts on sex.

the bed. Getting on my knees, I lifted her skirt to expose her beautiful pussy. It had blonde wispy hair and looked soft and inviting, not what I imagined a fifty-year-old pussy to look like. I began to lick her – sucking on her delicious juices. I propped her legs over my shoulders so I could get in closer. My tongue worked faster and deeper and when I pit my fingers inside her, I felt her wriggle with each trust and wiggle. I stood and slipped my tongue deep into her mouth as she seized my tongue, sucking her own juices off it.

Het her catch her breath before I straddled her face and put my cock into her mouth. She grabbed it with her hand and just before it went in, her tongue flashed out and licked the drops off the tip of it. She finally guided it into her mouth with her other hand tickling my balls with her fingernails. It felt really good as I pushed my cock in and out as she licked my rod with her tongue. After a few minutes of this nirvana, I pulled out of her mouth and put her legs over my shoulders. She grabbed my rocket and guided it into her pussy. I started to pump her hole deeper and deeper. I was close to coming so I began to pull out but she grabbed my asscheeks and whispered to stay in and cum inside her. I thrust a few more times and she came with me – still inside her. We lay spent on the bed, in each other's arms and slept the night away.

I left in the morning exhausted from the night's activities, but have to admit I had a huge smile on my face. When I got home, I turned on the computer to read my emails. There was a note from Elsie. Seems I forgot to take the keys to the T-Bird. She told me to come over right away. I told her I'd be right there. She greeted me with coffee and a smile and we have been great friends ever since.

- Ray K., Denver

Hey Ray K. – we loved your letter. It proves that sex with a fifty-year-old can be as exciting as with any twenty-year-old. And it comes with less risk, too. It's because of men like you that we look for and publish our magazine. Thanks once again for proving our point. – Ed.

away from a heart attack. I bet you she has given a heart attack or two in her life. I love her big nipples. They would fill my mouth nicely and as I sucked on them, they would get even bigger. And she's juicy, too. I mean that when I fuck her, she'll have all her cunt juices flowing and then I would take my big cock out of her pussy and lick her dry.

I hope Mary is going to re-appear in your magazine sometime. I would buy



### **Mary IS extraordinary**

Dear editors,

I'm writing about that vixen, Mary, that just appeared in your magazine. She looks so sweet and innocent and then you turn the page and she's laying there wide open for all to see.

Mary seems like such a nice person. The grandma kinda lady who is nice to the grand kids and then fucks so hard that her husband is just one stroke that issue, too. But before I sign off, will you print one more picture of her.

Jason, Portland

Okay Jason, but only since you promised to buy her next issue. – Ed.

If you have something to say to us, then go write ahead. You can send your letters to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them — or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.



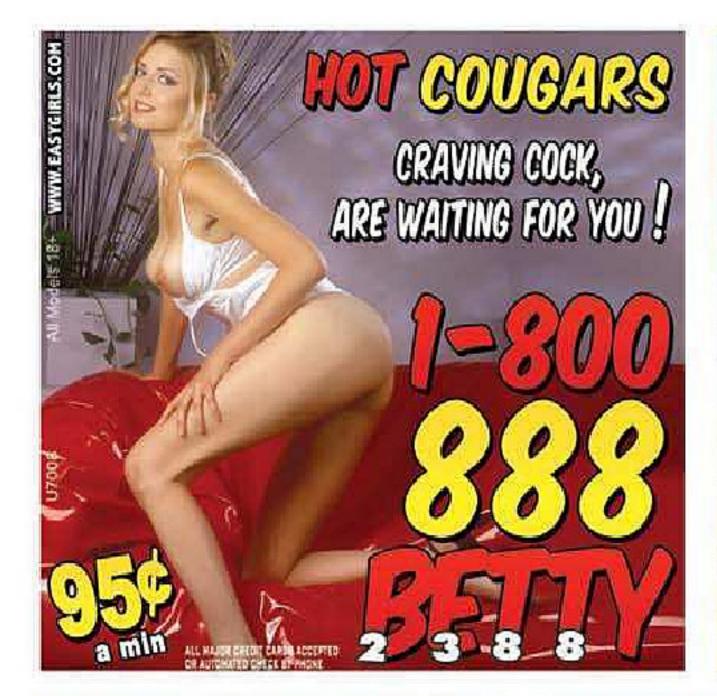














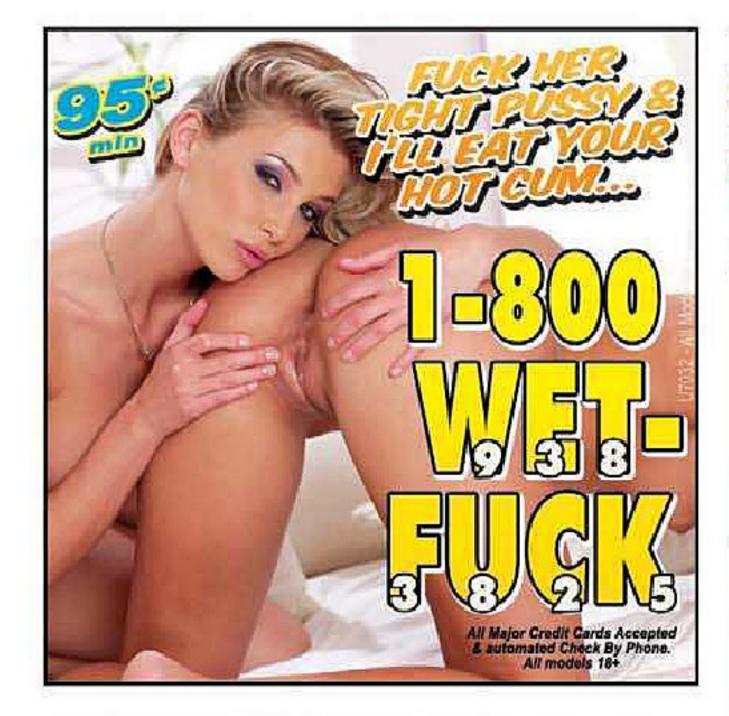


















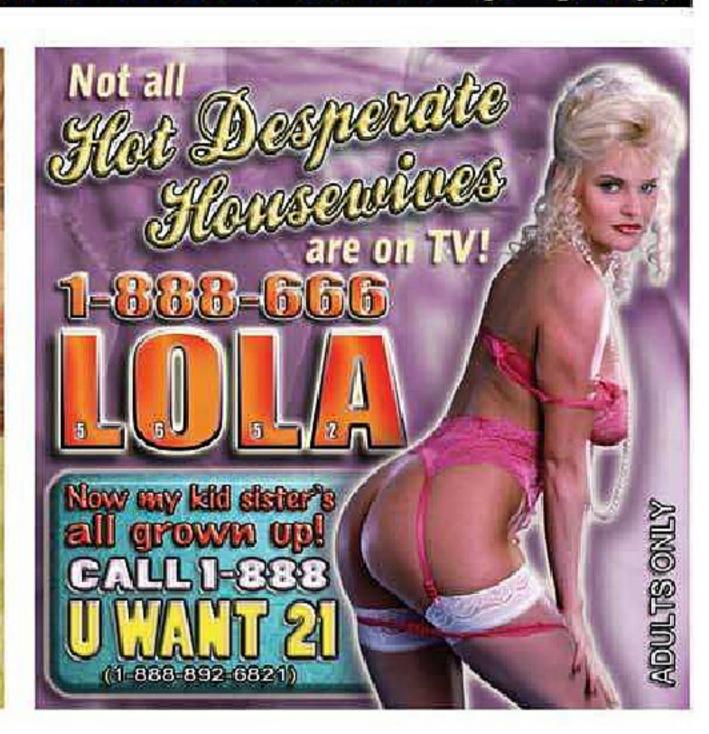






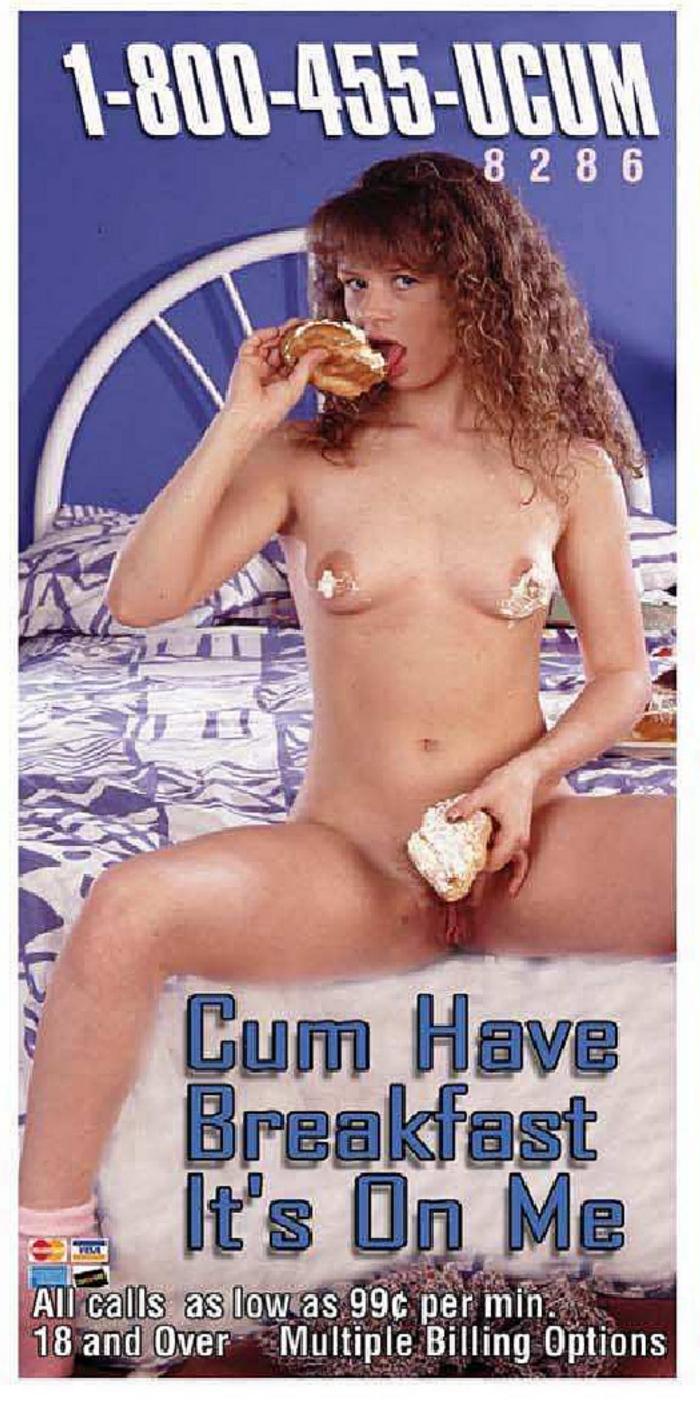






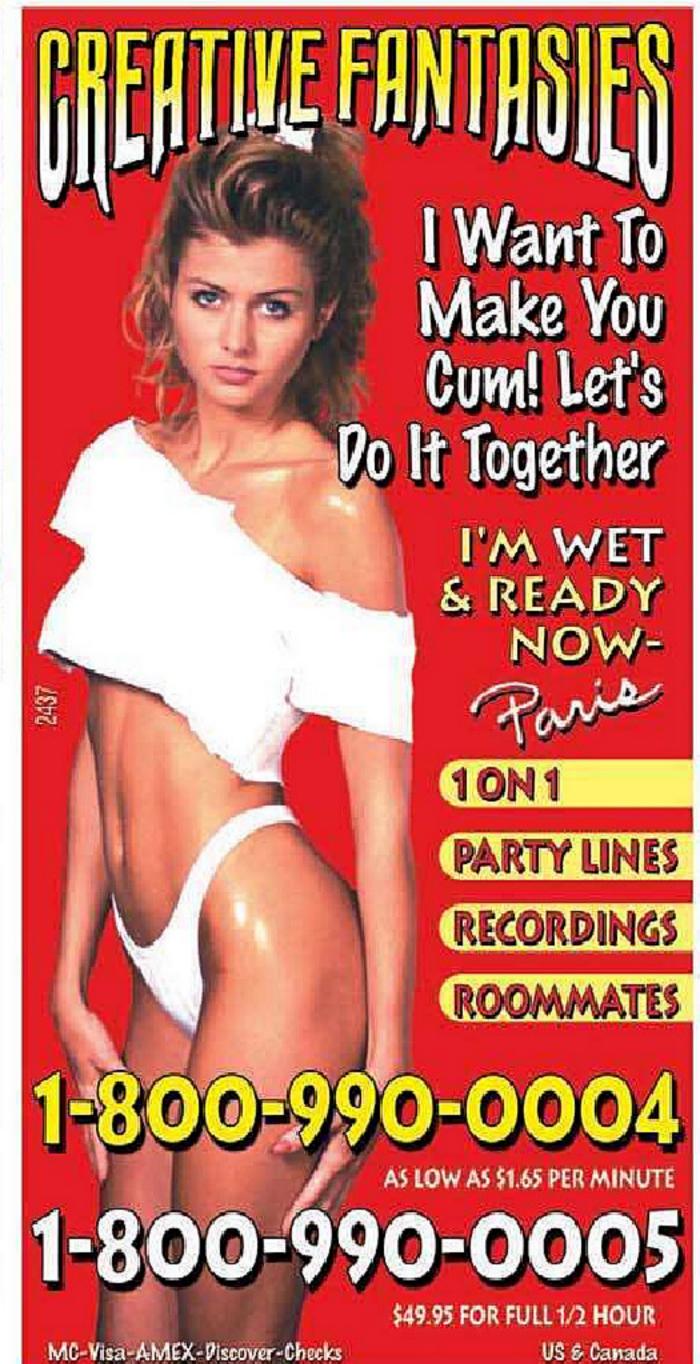












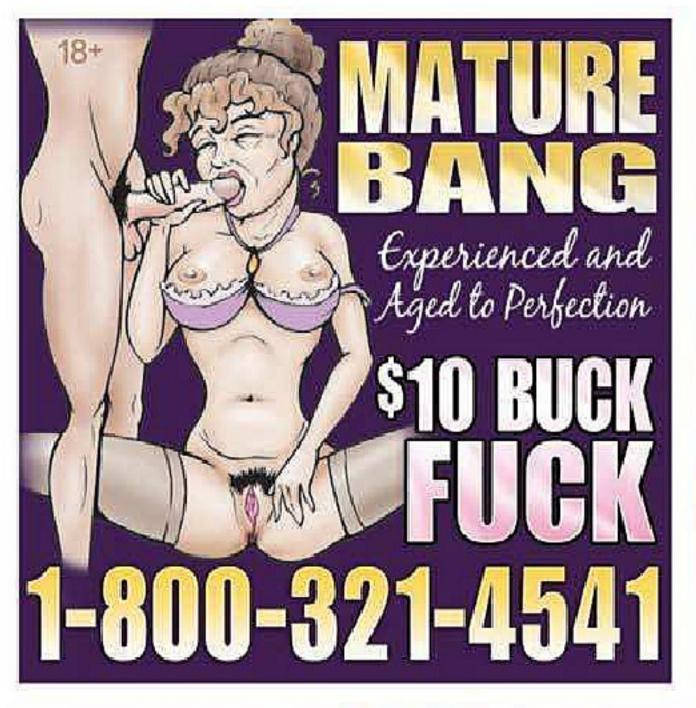


















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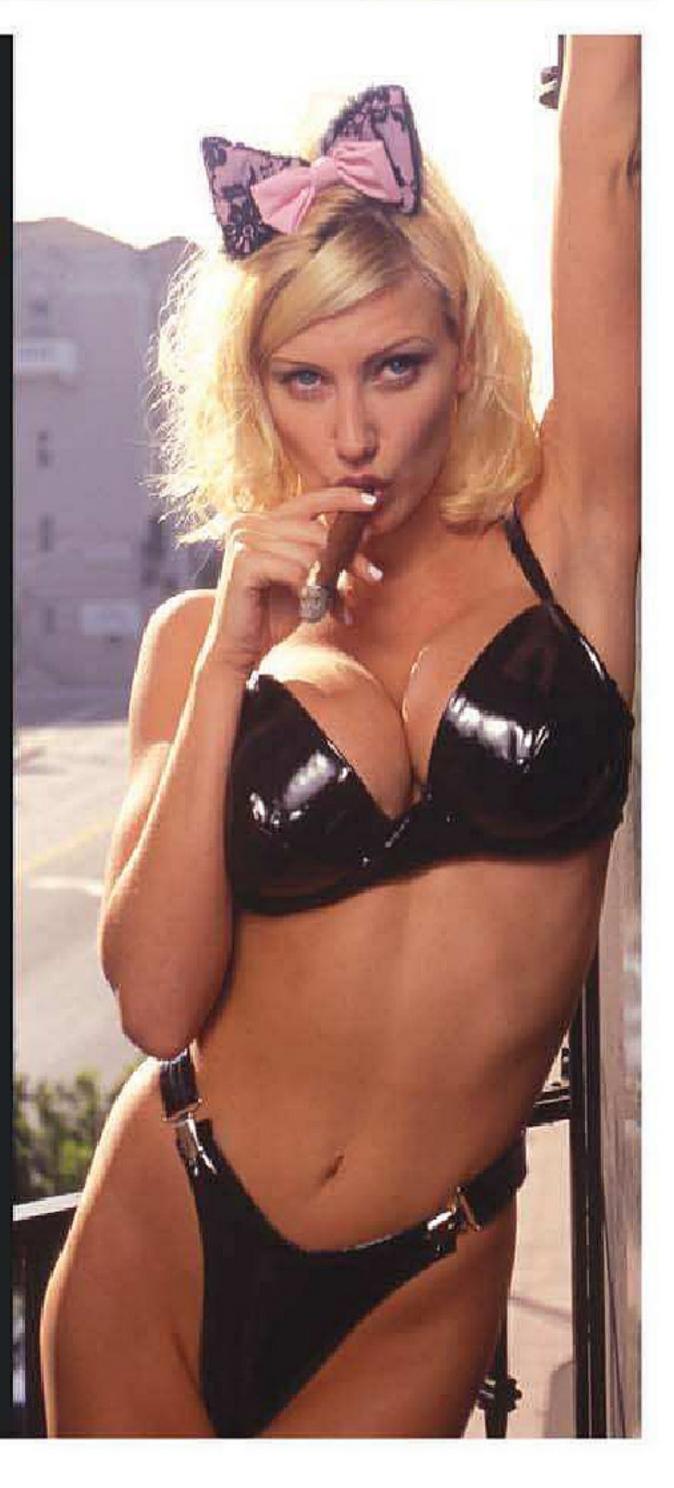
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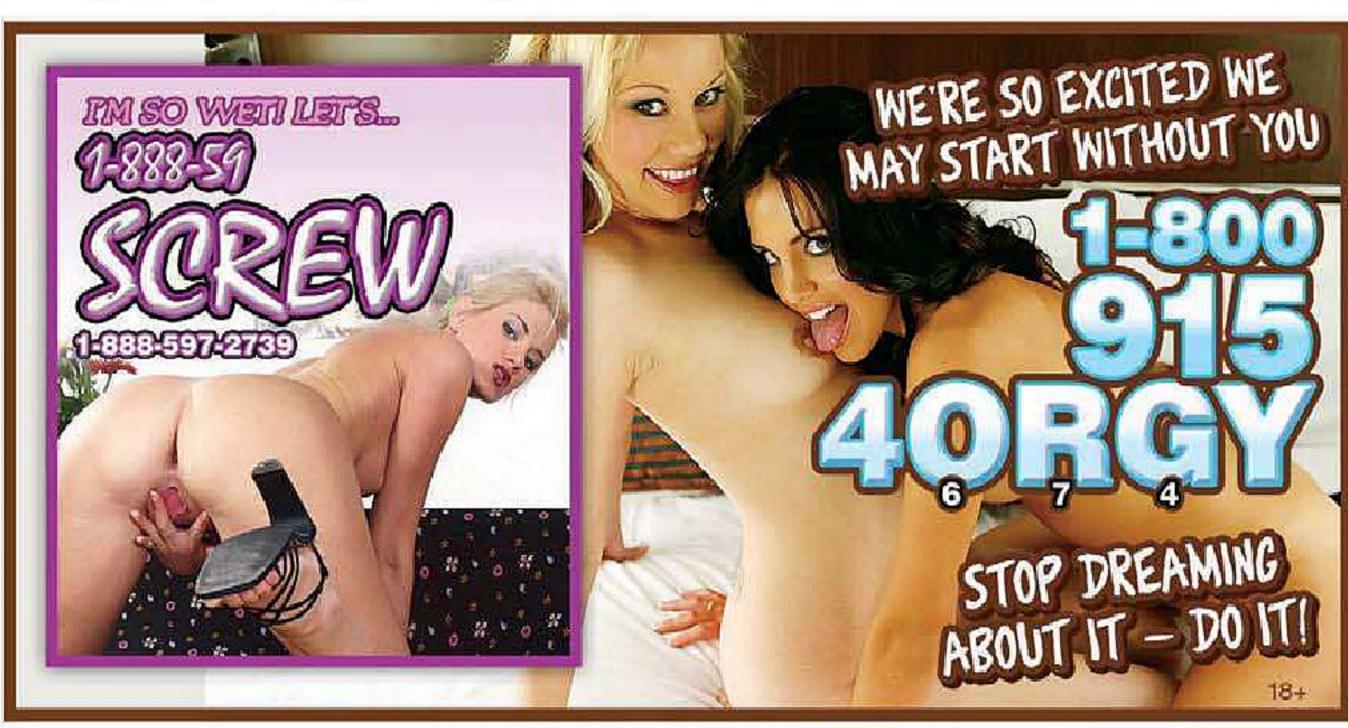


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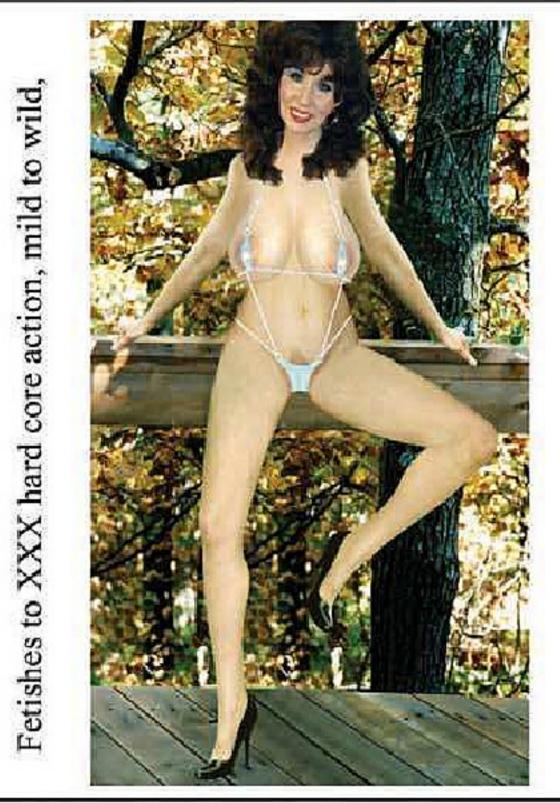






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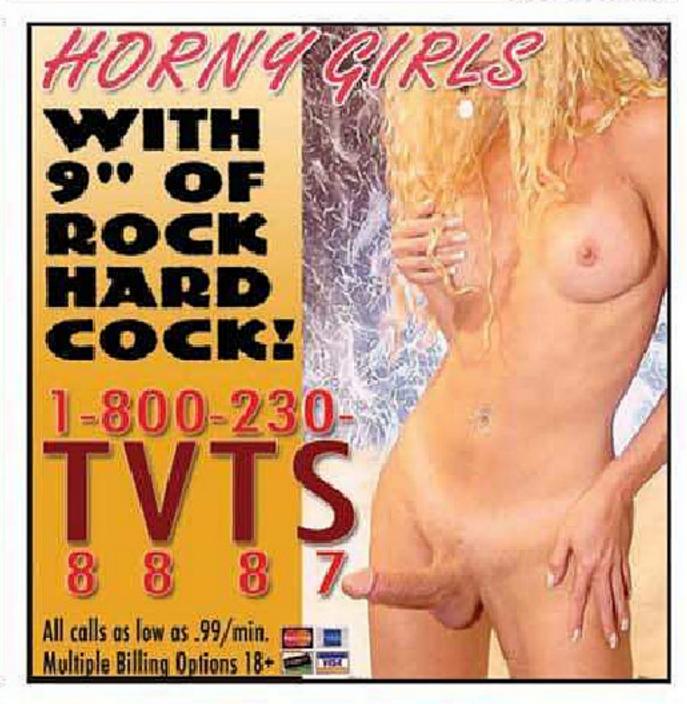






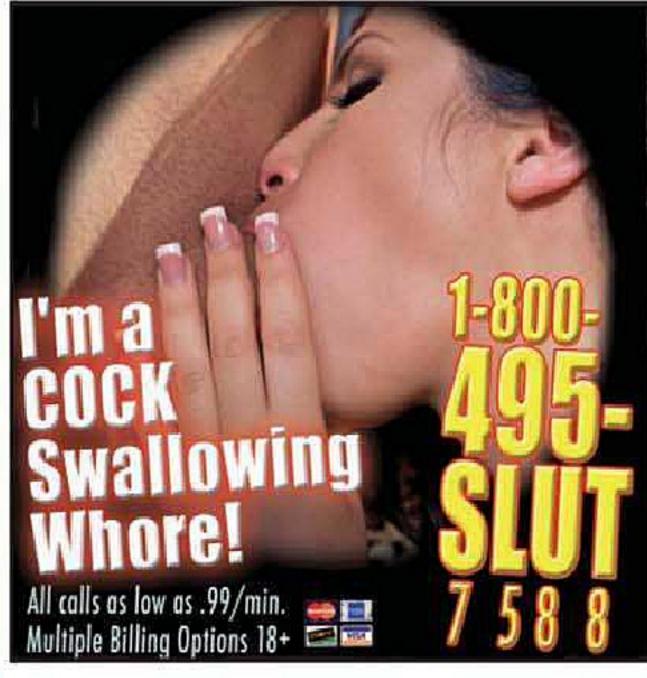




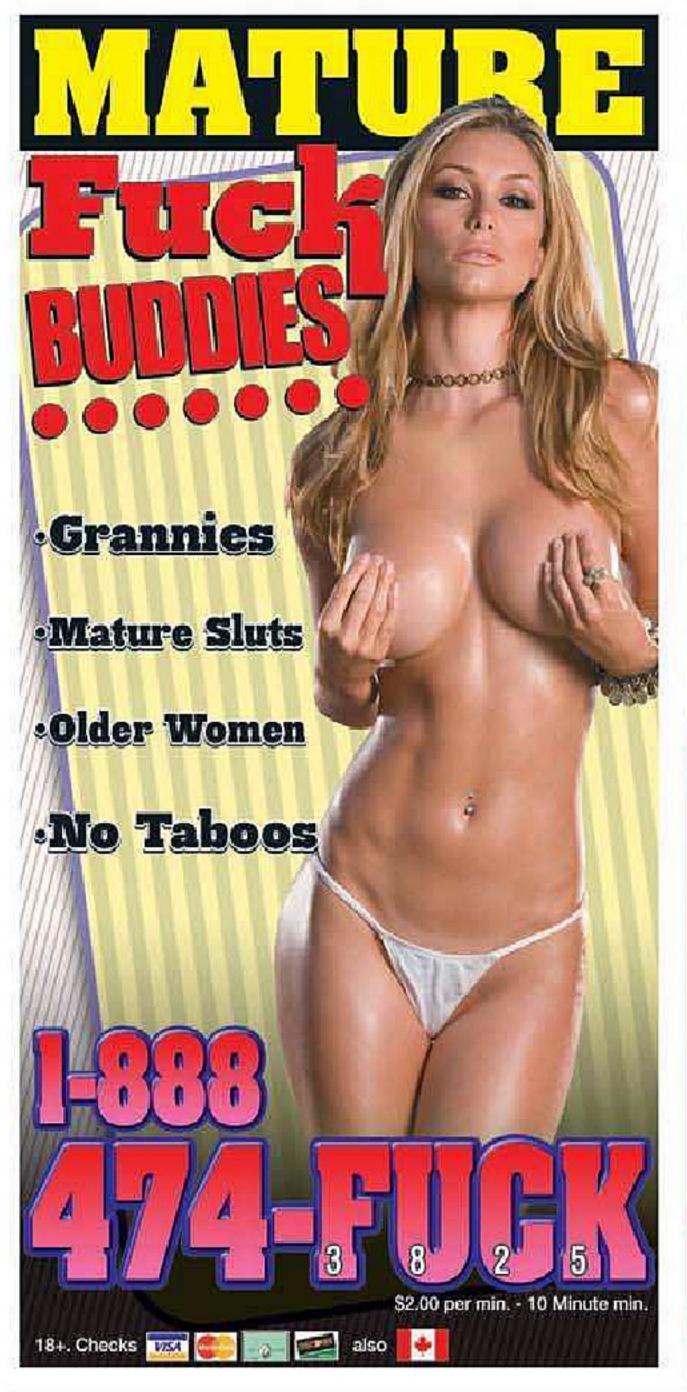


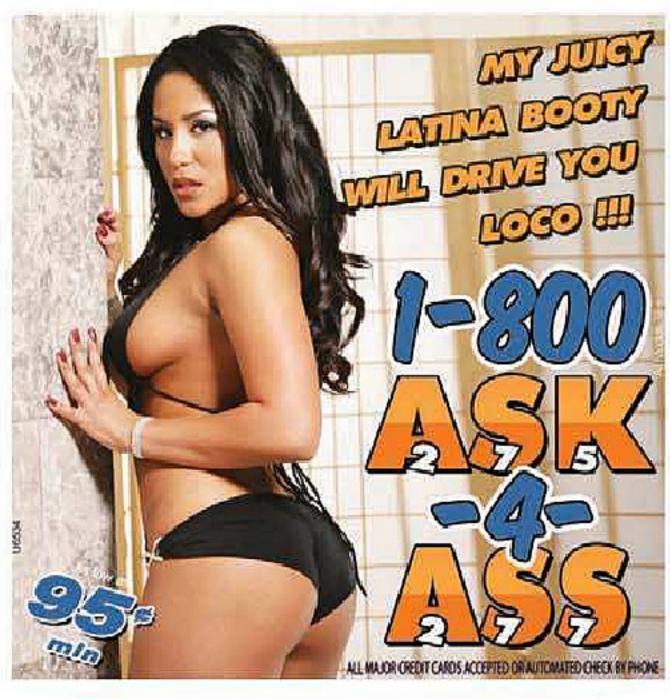




















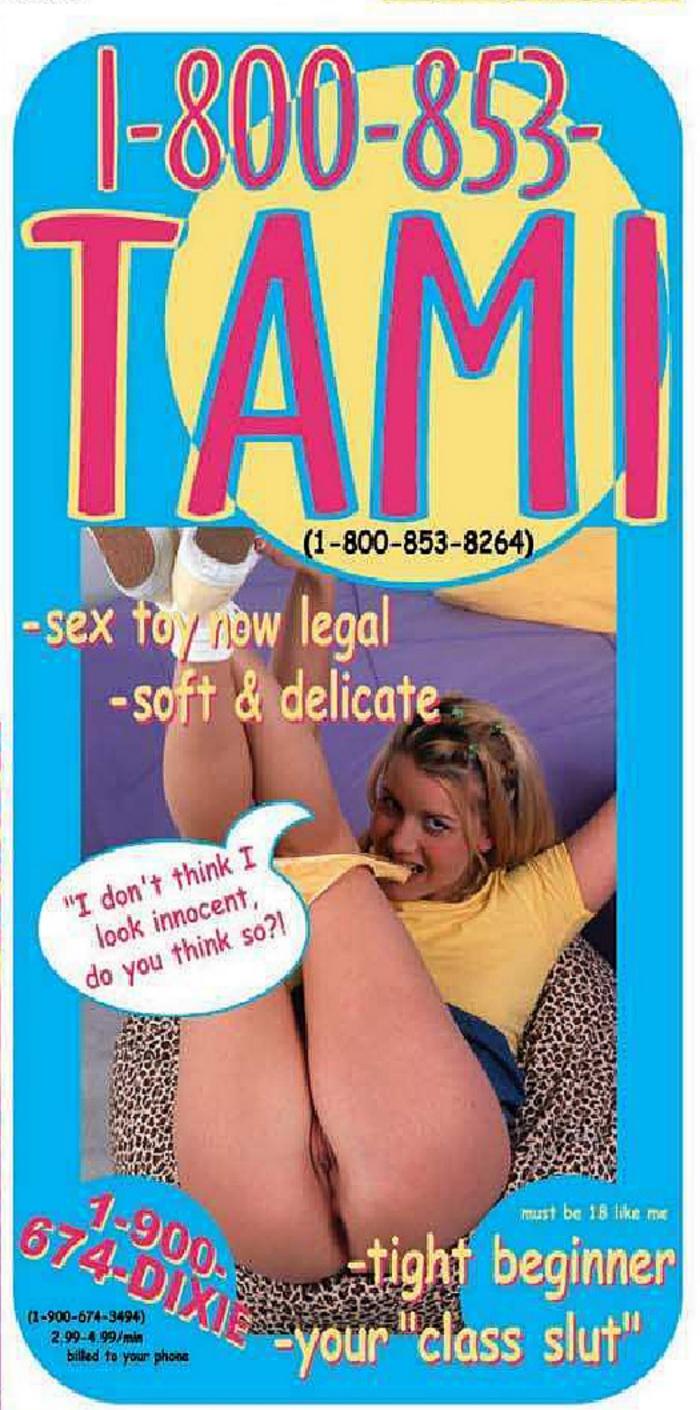






































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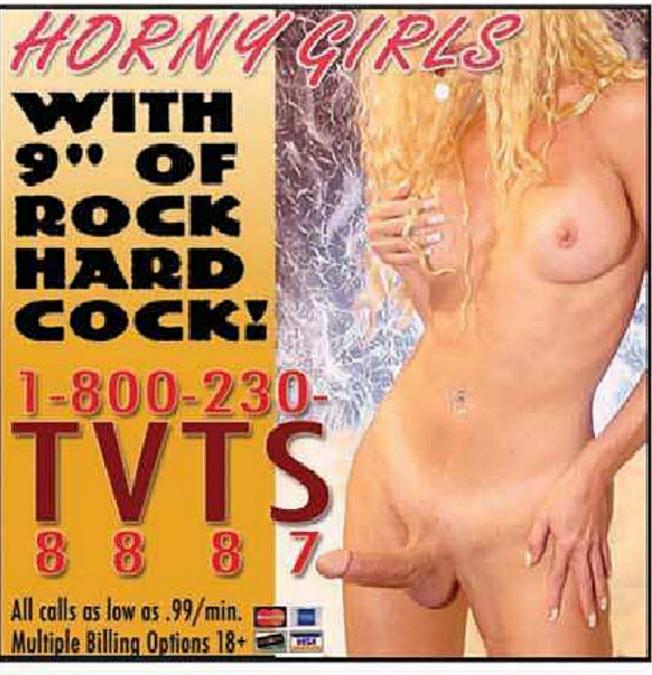
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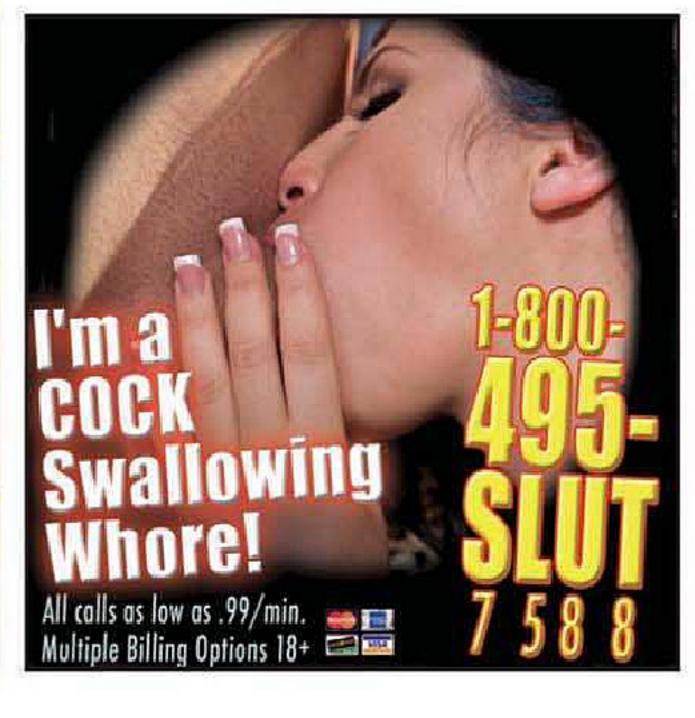












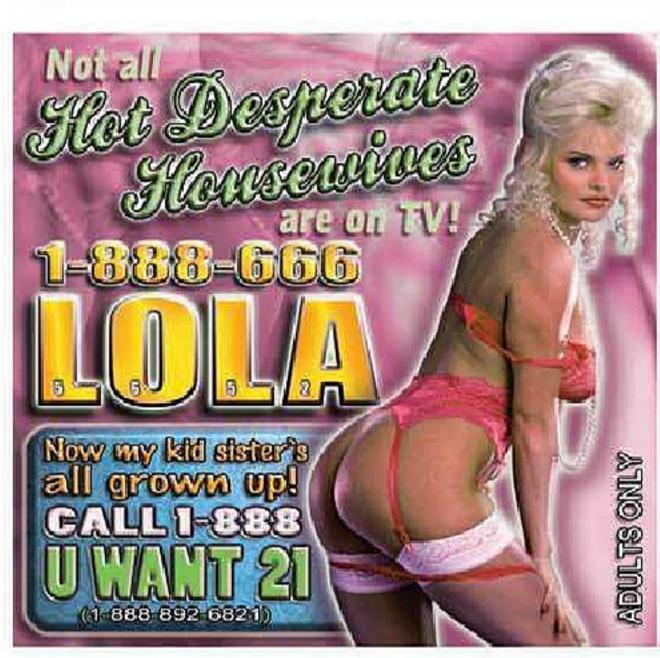












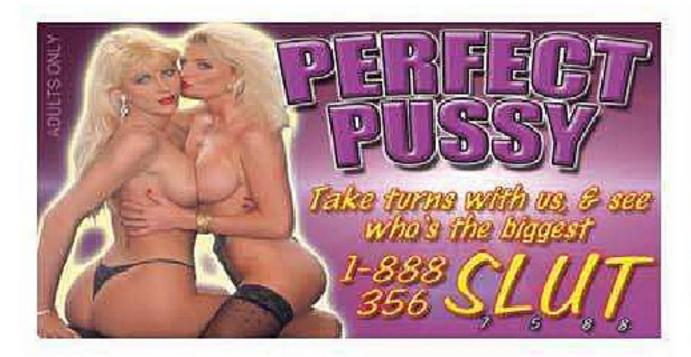




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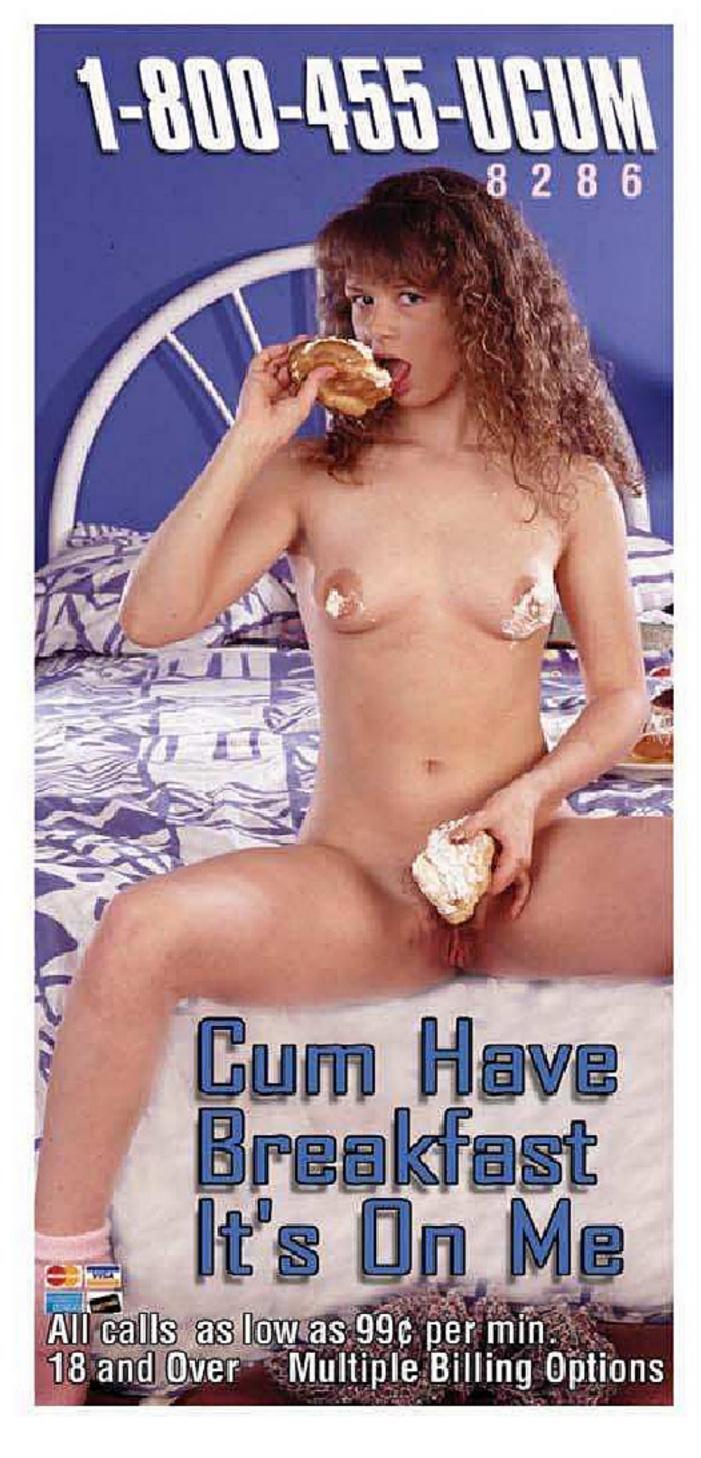
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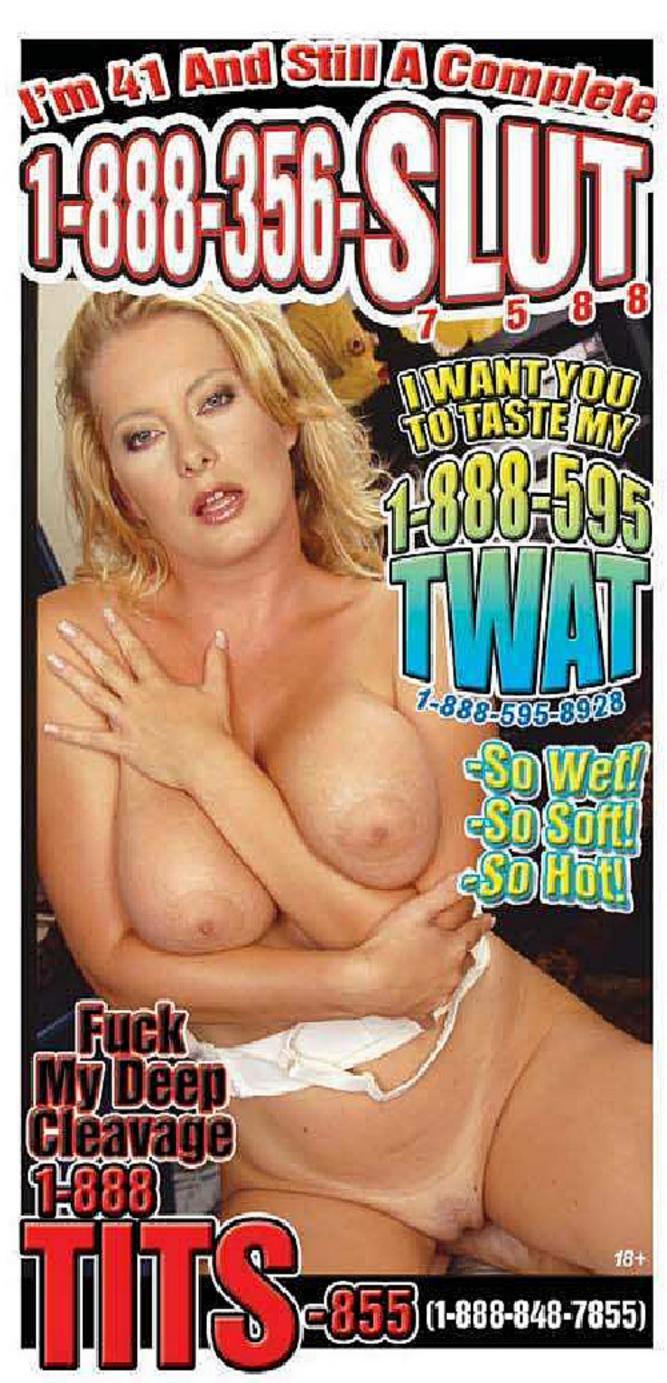








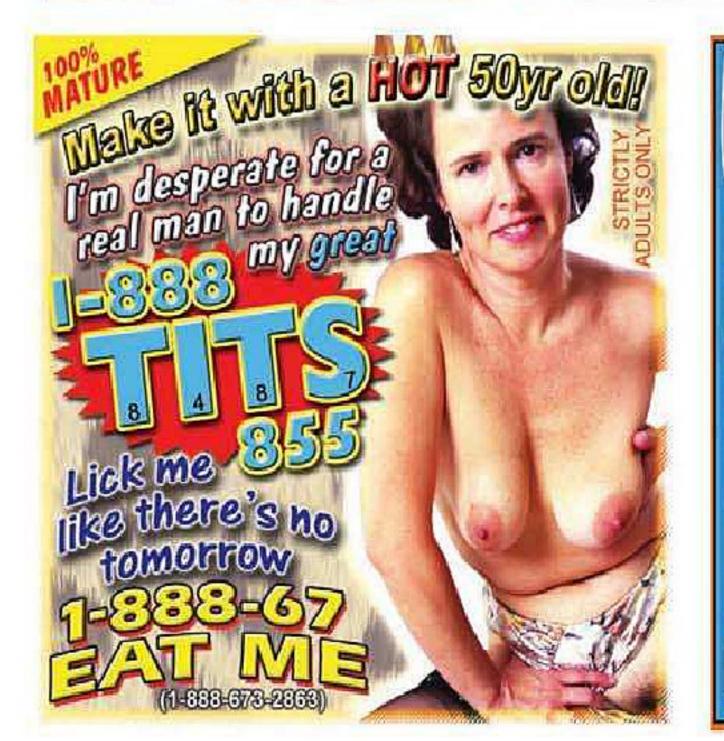


































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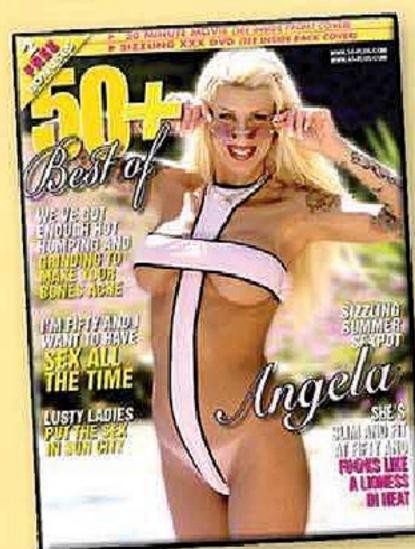
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